Boding to all.) He had my hankercher.

Iag. I, what of that?

Oth. That's not so good now.

Iag. What if I had said I had seene him do you wrong?
Or heard him say (as knaues be such abroad)
Who having by their owne importunate suite,
Or by the voluntaty dotage of some mistris,
Conuinced, or supplied them, cannot chuse,
But they must blab.

Oth. Hath he said any thing?

Iag. He hath my Lord, but be you well assur'd,
No more then hee'l vnswcare.

Oth. What hath he sayd?

Iag. Faith that he did -- I know not what he did.

Oth. But what? *Iag.* Lye.

Oth. With her?

Iag. With her, on her, what you will.

Oth. Lie with her, lie on her? We say lie on her, when they bely her; lye with her, Zouns, that's fulsome, handkerchers, Confession, hankerchers. *He falls down.*

Iag. Worke on my medicine, worke: thus credulous fooles are caught, and many worthy and chaste dames, euen thus all guiltlesse, meete reproach; What ho my Lord, my Lord I say, *Othello*, -- how now *Cassio*. *Enter* Cassio.

Cas. What's the matter?

Iag. My Lord is falne into an Epilepsy,
This is his second fit, he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the Temples.

Iag. No, forbeare,
The Lethergie, must haue his quiet course,
If not he foames at mouth, and by and by
Breakes out to sauage madnesse: looke he stirres:
Doe you withdraw your selfe a little while,
He will recouer straight, when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speake with you.
How is it Generall, haue you not hurt your head?

Oth. Doest thou mocke me?

Iag.

Iag. I mocke you? no by Heauen
Would you would beare your fortune
Oth. A horned man's a monster, a
Iag. There's many a beast then in a
And many a ciuill monster.
Oth. Did he confesse?
Iag. Good sir be a man,
Thinke euery bearded fellow, that's b
May draw with you, there's millions
That nightly lyes in those vnproper b
Which they dare sweare peculiar: yo
O tis the spite of hell, the fiends arch
To lip a wanton in a secure Coach,
And to suppose her chaste: No, let
And knowing what I am, I know wh
Oth. O thou art wise, tis certaine.
Iag. Stand you awhile apart,
Confine your selfe but in a patient lis
Whilst you were here ere while, mad
A passion most vnsuting such a man,
Cassio came hither, I shifted him awa
And layed good scuse, vpon your exta
Bid him anon retire, and here speake
The which he promisde: but incaue
And marke the Ieeres, the libes, and
That dwell in euery region of his face
For I will make him tell the tale anew
Where, how, how oft, how long agoe
He has, and is againe to cope your wi
I say, but marke his iesture, mary pa
Or I shall say, you are all in all, in spl
And nothing of a man.
Oth. Doest thou heare *Iago*,
I will be found most cunning in my
But doest thou heare, most bloody.
Iag. That's not amisse:
But yet keepe time in all; will you

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